

GASOLINE EVENTS FOR VISITORS AT CONVENTION

Speed Races and Freak Performances on Motor Vehicles Announced as Part of Entertainment Program.

Santa Fe, N. M., June 22.—Arrangements are being made today for an additional attraction for the three good road conventions which are to be held here the latter part of next month. This attraction is a "gasmobile gymkhana," or series of motorcycle and automobile races of various kinds and will be held on the second day of the conventions, July 31.

The local headquarters and the committee of the chamber of commerce in charge of arrangements for this trio of meetings is working hard on this new attraction and some very entertaining features are promised. The program so far includes six races, some of them of a novel character. Prizes will be offered for the winners in each event. Several prizes have already been donated and more are promised.

The affair is solely one for the entertainment of the delegates and no admission will be charged. Probably the gymkhana will be held at or near the grounds of the federal building, the streets circling that place being just half a mile in length. As the ends are rounded there are no sharp corners to make the races too dangerous, though none of them will be devoid of thrills.

The program as arranged so far includes a half-mile motorcycle race for boys between 15 and 21 years of age, a mile free-for-all motorcycle race, a motorcycle tournament and a ladies egg handling contest, or automobile egg race.

In the last named event the contestants are required to ride on the running board of an automobile from the starting point to a point 300 yards away, and there to pick up, in an ordinary iron spoon, one egg, returning with the egg in the spoon to the starting point and repeating the process until a dozen eggs have been so carried. The winner will be the person getting the dozen eggs to the starting point first, it being illegal to touch any egg with anything except the spoon.

The motorcycle tournament is another big feature. It consists in all the entries wearing appropriate costumes as in the days of knight errantry and picking up, with a lance which forms a part of the costume, a series of small rings placed at set distances on the course around the grounds. The winner is he who first returns to the starting point with all the rings attached to him.

The plan for such a gymkhana has met with favor here and the event itself will doubtless be a complete success. Arrangements for entering those who wish to compete and for adding to the program will be made in a few days. The affair promises to be of high value as an entertainment feature for the visitors.

A. L. Westgard, director of transcontinental highways for the National Highway association, of which he is also a vice president, was here Saturday and made several suggestions which it is expected will lead to the

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WHERE HAROLD FAILED

By GRACE LEITCH.

She had golden hair and a pensive expression and she ate her cake part with the air of one performing a great self-sacrifice.

"Mercy!" cried the girl with the rose color spring hat, as she swept up to the table and deposited her silver purse with a clatter. "Why so doleful? Quarreled with Harold?"

The young woman with the golden hair gave her a sad look. "No," she said. "Harold and I are good friends. That's the trouble. Sometimes you can be such good friends with a man that he's perfectly happy and satisfied and doesn't trouble to want to be anything more. However, there's no telling how thoroughly engaged we might be this very minute if it hadn't been for the cat."

"You are beyond me," ejaculated her friend with the new hat. "Harold is a brave man. He isn't afraid even of wild animals or any kind of ferocious creature. Why, he shot a prairie chicken once!"

"Well," said the golden haired young woman indignantly, "he didn't shoot one that was brimful of electricity, and, as it happened, that cat was."

"She's a gray cat," proceeded the young woman, "and she made such a lovely contrast to my lavender crepe gown that I was holding her last evening. I think, anyhow, that it looks so domestic to be fond of animals, don't you? After awhile I let her go because Harold, who was calling, got to talking most interestingly of his prospects of an increase in salary and that kind of talk seemed so significant."

"Oh, yes," agreed her friend with the new hat, excitedly. "It certainly did. When a man speaks of money it's always serious, whether it is a bill or the prospect of matrimony! Well, did he?"

"You have to have an atmosphere of tolerable calm for a proposal, you know. No man would dream of asking a girl in the midst of a hurricane to join hands with him for life. Do you know what that foolish cat did? She crawled up on the table, tipped over an electric lamp and got herself all tangled up in the cord. Then she bit the cord in her wrath and indignation."

"I don't see why it should be a tragedy to have lost a little electric wiring," remarked her friend.

"My goodness!" cried the golden haired girl. "Don't you know anything about electricity at all? She bit through the insulation and got to a live wire and short circuited something. Anyhow, she began doing pin-wheels, while perfect streaks of fire shot from her mouth. Naturally I was horrified. It is upsetting to see a member of the family with lightning shooting from her mouth, and I am really much attached to the cat."

"Save her! Save her!" I shrieked to Harold—and Harold grabbed the cat!

"Well?"

"Then Harold began doing pin-wheels. That added to my fright. I cried for him to stop it, but he paid not the least attention to me, and I never saw such actions. It is a great trial to one's affections to see the object of them attempt to climb the wall paper or drape himself over the chandelier, and that's what Harold did. I screamed—and grabbed Harold!"

"Well?"

"It makes me shudder," declared the golden haired girl. "I don't like to think about it."

"I have a dashed memory of millions of pins and needles darting through me and then I began doing pin-wheels, too. Each of us—the cat, Harold and I—seemed trying madly to outdo the others, and I don't know who won. I remember that things began smashing and tipping over in the room and my soprano screams and Harold's deep growls were mingled. And the cat pervaded everything."

"We might be dancing yet if my twelve-year-old brother, hearing the commotion, hadn't dashed in, took a look and then with great presence of mind turned off the electric light switch. Thereupon Harold let go of the cat and I let go of Harold and the cat and I hung limp over a chair back just like my fur neckpiece."

"Gee!" said my brother, "but you're two loonies! Why didn't you turn it off yourselves?"

"Somehow I've been thinking since then that maybe Harold wouldn't be exactly the person to lean upon in great emergencies."

"There may be something in that," agreed the friend.

He Was Not a Subject.

I had often heard a man describe himself as an "American citizen," writes G. M., but the phrase never struck me so forcibly as it did last week. It was on the boat for Dieppe. The steward came round to warn passengers to get ready for landing. He also took occasion to ascertain our nationality, asking "What subject are you? British subject? French subject?" and so on. At last he came to an American passenger with the question: "And yours—whose subject are you?"

"I ain't a subject," was his indignant reply. "I ain't anybody's subject. I am an American citizen."

And he looked it.—Manchester Guardian.

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The First Suffragette Plot In History

What was probably the first suffragette plot in history is described by James Baikie in a communication to the National Geographic society, at Washington, D. C., summarizing the more recent explorations and excavations in Egypt which have done much to reveal the history of an ancient world power.

"We have a very full record of the process against certain ladies of the harem of King Ramses III of the twentieth dynasty, which exhibits the harem intrigue in all its familiar features," writes Mr. Baikie. "Officials of the harem are bribed, messages are sent out to officers of the troops from the secluded ladies, inviting the help of the army to overthrow the king and set up a pretender, and the resources of witchcraft are called in to insure the success of the scheme. In this case even the discovery of the plot did not put an end to the machinations of those concerned. The judges in the trial were tampered with, and the result was a highly discreditable exposure of the corruption of the Egyptian bench as well as that of the harem."

Continuing his discussion of the position of women in ancient Egypt, Mr. Baikie says:

"Though there are certain features, such as their loose ideas in the matter of consanguinity, which shock our modern sense of morality, the ideas and practice of the ancient Egyptians in respect to the position of woman are remarkably advanced and rational, comparing very favorably with those of the great nations of classical antiquity. Woman was to the Egyptian not the slave of man or the minister of his pleasures; she was his companion, his fellow-worker on very equal terms, often his adviser, not infrequently his ruler."

There existed in the Egyptian mind a sentiment that could almost be called reverence for womanhood, particularly in respect of its great function of motherhood—a sentiment which is much more akin to our modern western view than anything else that we meet with among ancient peoples. The mother was respected for her supreme share in the life and upbringing of her children, and for all the self-sacrifice which is essentially involved in true motherhood, and from the very earliest days the child was carefully indoctrinated with the duty of reverencing and loving the mother who bore and nourished him. So strong was this sentiment that on the tombs of the old kingdom the mother of the deceased is as a rule represented together with his wife, while the father rarely appears. In noble Egyptian families the general, though not invariable, custom was that the heir of the house was not the eldest son, but the son of the eldest daughter. Under the middle kingdom this rule prevailed to such an extent that the inheritance passed from one family to another through daughters. He who married an heiress without for his own

the inheritance of his father-in-law.

"Men of the upper classes had their harems. Pharaoh himself appears in all ages to have been the possessor of a large harem. Under the empire the harem was supervised by an elderly matron, and was administered by high officials—the governor of the royal harem, the scribe of the royal harem, the delegate for the harem—while a number of slaves watched over the ladies and guarded them from the outside world. The scale to which such an establishment could attain is illustrated by the case of Amenhotep III. When the king of Mitanni sent him his daughter Glukhipa in marriage, the young lady was accompanied by a train of 317 maidens, who were no doubt added to the royal harem."

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